

SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER OF THE

WAR CRY

TORONTO
APRIL 11TH
1903

19TH YEAR
No 28
PRICE 5 cts.



THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

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Daily Readings

FOR EASTER WEEK.

The Seven Dying Words of Christ.

SUNDAY. "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—*ST. LUKE* xiii. 34.

The First Words from the Cross.—We would gather in this, the Saviour's first utterances, that the forgiveness of our Heavenly Father is necessary before sinful men can find God's favor. Here is an example of Divine love—He who had left His heavenly home to live a life of shame. He whose very desire had been to bless, from the cradle to the cross, was now reaping the ungrateful reward of the people He came to save. As there He hung outstretched on Calvary's cross, Jesus was able to utter a prayer that His Heavenly Father would forgive. Wondrous love Divine! God grant unto us at least a measure of the love of Calvary's Lamb, that our hearts may yearn over the souls of men and women that they might see the error of their sins and be forgiven.

MONDAY. "And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."—*LUKE* xxiii. 43.

The Second Words from the lips of the Saviour as He hung outstretched on the cross must have come as an exceptionally comforting promise to the dying thief. The latter had first come to a realization of his guilt. He was penitent, and in a fit condition of spirit for the Christ to at once answer his application by saying: "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

Here is an object lesson. Lord, help us not to ask amiss. Prepare our hearts before we approach Thee, and give to us the faith that shall claim Thy promises.

TUESDAY. "When Jesus, therefore, saw His mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, he said unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son."—*JOHN* xix. 26.

The Third was an expression of tender regard and thoughtfulness. "Accept of him who has been so dear and so close to Me, as your son, and receive from him the care which a mother should receive from a loving son." This was the third word from the cross. Christ evidently desired John to accept, treat, and love her as his own mother. This, to all appearances, he did, "as from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

It is impossible to say, in that awful hour, whether the agony of the mother was greater than that of the Son. It was a dark hour, but already had dawned the light of Paradise. Dark hours, as a rule, are only forerunners of seasons of brightness and blessedness.

WEDNESDAY. "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—*ST. MATT.* xxvii. 46.

The Fourth.—The utter desolation that must have filled the Saviour's heart at this moment is beyond our comprehension. With the sins of the world resting upon His heart, the agonies of mind, spirit, and body were more than finite mind can grasp. Christians are called upon to pass through dark hours now and again, but the gloom of our surroundings can never compare with the darkness the Saviour knew.

He truly trod the thorny path amidst the shadows of a world's sin, and we shall never be called upon to follow in steps where He, has not already trod.

THURSDAY. "After this Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst."—*JOHN* xix. 28.

The Fifth.—The first part of this verse would imply that all which the Scriptures had foretold, by word or type, had been fulfilled. "I thirst," was the fifth utterance of Christ from the cross.

Thirst was one of the most distressing circumstances attending crucifixion. Could we but picture the agony of His loving face, and then realize for one brief moment that it was for us He suffered, would we murmur when called upon to bear our trifling crosses?

FRIDAY. "When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished."—*JOHN* xix. 30.

The Sixth.—What was finished? His holy life, His work of atonement and preparation for the redemption of the world. The foundations of His new Kingdom were laid, and period of humiliation and suffering was ended; the old era of the world was completed, and soon would begin the era of glory, of joy, of the up-building of His Kingdom in the salvation of souls. There was not anything left undone—a perfect life had been lived and the sacrifice was complete.

SATURDAY. "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."—*LUKE* xxiii. 46.

The Seventh.—The Saviour uttered these words with a loud voice. It was not like one dying, but was a shout of triumph and victory. It was not death in this instance that approached Christ, but Christ death. Christ encountered death not as conquered, but as conqueror.

Crucifixion was generally a very lingering death, and authorities tell us that the victim lived seldom less than twenty-four hours, often three or four days. Usually the victim died of sheer exhaustion; but Christ was not exhausted, as He cried with a loud voice. Christ is said to have literally died of a broken heart, caused by His overwhelming mental agony.

Let us not forget that He died for us, and His suffering was to pay our heavy debt. It is better not to ask in return for that wondrous love, How little can I do for my Saviour to show my gratitude for His great sacrifice, but how much?

THE TRINITY OF LIFE.

FAITH.

By faith, the highest reason of the soul, I live, and work, and wait. By it the whole Of life I see is soft assuring light; Faith weds me to the source of All, and naught Disturbs the soul within, but by Him taught And breathed upon, I rose to wisdom's height.

Life's work I'll do, and watch the whole unfold, Assured in high and low, His law of old, His purpose works. All fear and doubt I'll quell,

And slip my hand in His, ne'er wonder why, In holy confidence my tools I ply, And bide each task that forth His glories tell.

HOPE.

And longing, working, waiting, Hope assures That after many heartaches, all matures; Each thought, and word, and deed will find its own

In realms of golden suns, with meads abloom And silver streams, or else in shade and tomb; Where harvest we anon as we have sown.

Hope whispers me that never song we sing Can die, nor friendship cease, nor gift we bring; All ends in God, who's just, and holds each life. Forgotten here? No so with Him. The day When 'neath the sunlight of His eyes we'll play, Declares that good prevails o'er sin strife.

LOVE.

Mayhap I'll wonder oft and lose my hold, And with my body; Faith and Hope grow old, But let me love and I will all retrieve; By love alone I'll rise to highest sphere, As well as find the heart of lowest here To smile upon and of its pain relieve.

So love I will, and do Love's work, and stayed By neither sect nor creed, anticipate Heaven's life on earth, and effulgent, and sublime.

With ready heart and hand I'll fill my place, Myself forget in service for the race, And by Love's art warm every heart and mine.

—Rev. Calvin Weiss Laufer.

Easter Thoughts.

BY B. J. R.

"Behold, I tell you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."—*1 COR.* xv. 51, 52 (R.V.)

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross,
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss,
Hallelujah!"

—From the Latin.

A VERY dear friend whom I had loved for many years had just passed away. I was sitting at my window one autumn Sunday morning thinking about her, and wondering what I should write of sympathy and comfort to one to whom she was dear. It was a dark, chilly morning, the breath of the coming winter was in the air; snow-clouds hung ominously low in the sky, and one instinctively shivered as one felt the dampness of the raw atmosphere. The street was filled with fallen leaves of varied autumnal tints. Suddenly, as I watched and mused upon the uncertainty of life, and the dark shadow death flings across loving hearts, while the mystery and problem of the after-life came looming up in my thought, a gust of wind seemed to gather all the leaves in its arms and carry them in great billows down the street. As a flash a thought came to me which, for a moment, seemed to put to flight the interrogations of my mind as to how it was possible for the dead to live again. As the leaves went swirling before the cold breeze I remembered that they had performed their life's (summer) function, and though now dead and apparently lifeless, they would live again. In a few months the bleak winter snows would pass away, and the spring would burst forth in bud, and leaf, and blossom, a resurrection of old nature in the glorious form of springtime beauty—a type of the future, when "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, there shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory." *1 COR.* xv. 53-55.

"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first."—*2 THESS.* iv. 16.

"Earth can now but tell the story
Of the bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back again.
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain."

—J. Ross McDuff.

The glorious climax of the Gospel triumph is that our Christ said, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The Apostle Paul reminds us, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable." *1 COR.* xv. 19 (R.V.) But the Christian's hope is that "Christ hath been raised from the dead, the first-fruits of them that are asleep." *1 COR.* xv. 20 (R.V.) This is Calvary's triumph, Easter's exaltation. He lives! We shall live! No more death with its pain and separation. Life, re-union, joy with Christ, "which is far better."

"But someone will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or some other kind; but God giveth it a body, even as it pleased Him, and to each seed a body of its own."—*1 COR.* xv. 35-39 (R.V.)

they understood. Their mockery and coarse joy were but temporary, for they would learn, not long hence, that the tragedy they had deemed complete was but

IN THREE LANGUAGES.

In Greek, as if to symbolize His Sovereignty over that which is beautiful and the intellectual. In Latin, as if to symbolize His authority over that which was majestic and powerful—the physical. In Hebrew, as if to symbolize His dominion over the heart, with its fine feelings, its emotions, and warm gushings.

Aye, King over all. Nor could it be otherwise. To limit His Sovereignty is to lack the charm of His presence to the extent of the territory withheld. To know Him in all His regal beauty and majesty, and to enjoy the transcendent joys of His full stature in our lives, He must reign over and through all our faculties—spiritual, mental, and physical.

The Conquering Hero.

The cross was the vantage ground from which Christ destroyed enthroned sin. No less a victory than the absolute conquest of this power could make possible the restoration of the

defaced image of God in man. No achievement of mental and esthetic culture could effect this. Not even the highest possible attainment of the heart, with its grand emotions, its depth of loyalty and love, could slay this hidden principle, nor eradicate its ugly traces, and disfigurement of the soul. Nor could the most magnificent development of physical powers "bind the strong man." Hence a greater and stronger than the "man of sin" was absolutely necessary to champion the cause of a lost world. Such an one could not be found on earth, and scarcely in heaven. Well, indeed, that the angels veiled their faces when the Son stepped voluntarily forth, and declared for the reconquest of the world and its emancipation from the usurper. From Calvary's height the last stroke in the conflict was struck, and from it sin was hurled from its dominance, and sent crashing to the depths of oblivion. All hail to the all-conquering Hero, who championed the cause of our—your and mine—eternal well-being, and who hath triumphed gloriously.

Let the sanctuary ring this Easter season with praise to Him who hath demonstrated His authority to the title of "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." Let the ransomed on earth raise to the skies an anthem of thanksgiving that the enthroned Christ makes the lives of His people beacon lights amid sin's gloom, and the preserving principle—as "the salt of the earth"—that saves the world from utter moral corruption and decomposition.

Is He Enthroned?

Does this study of our King—the hero of the mightiest combat, and which formed a spectacle that staggered two worlds—compel each reader to self-examination and self-questioning? Does He reign supreme, as Lord and King, in our spiritual, and intellectual, and physical lives? Is there any doubt on the matter, or any consciousness of reserve? Surely this is the opportune moment to say, "Thou art worthy." What a coronation event it would celebrate in your own experience! What a tribute to His grace and Omnipotent power! Shall He reign? Aye, your answer to Him this Easter season is:

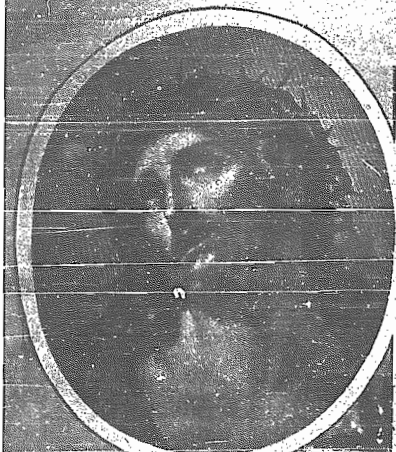
"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small!
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

the stepping-stone to the enthronement of the King of Life, which fact was to bring true joy to millions through all ages. Whatever the motive, Pilate wrote better than he knew, and with marked significance his superscription was written

been nailed to the cross. Their sense of awe and fear broke its bounds as they read the superscription, and regarding it as irony, they laughed coarsely, and some attempted to jest. Whether Pilate meant it as irony, and sent it to pacify the Jews, and so prevent their reporting his indifference at the trial to the Emperor, or whether as the outcome of his wife's dream and expostulation he sent it as a mark of regret and esteem, is not known, but the document proved in glorious fact a mighty proclamation:

"THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS."

His enemies were compelled to declare His coronation, even though they wrote more than



The Dream of Pilate's Wife.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM, IN "SUCCESS."

"When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with this just Man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him."

"When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just Person: see ye to it."—MATTHEW XXVII. 19-24.

YOU cannot wash your hands of this: that crimson would defy
The many waters of the sea, the cisterns of the sky.
His blood will be upon your name; nor years can wash it white—
Not till the leaping seas shall wash the great stars from the night.
You say the Galilean only dreams a foolish dream,
That He is but an idle leaf upon an idle stream.
No, He is the Man of the People, hated by scribe and priest:
He is the fear of the Temple door, the spectre at the feast.

I saw Him rise again one dawn and down a garden go,
Shining like great Apollo white, our god of the silver bow;
And then the wind of vision tore the veil of time apart,
And love of Him ran greatening from camel-path to mart;
His story was a wonder on the eager lips of men,
The scourged Galilean walked the roads of earth again.
I saw Jerusalem go down before the wrath of spears,
[pling years.
And turn into a field of stones under the tram-

"Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

"Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection Thou!

Amen."
Charles Wesley.

Weep No More.

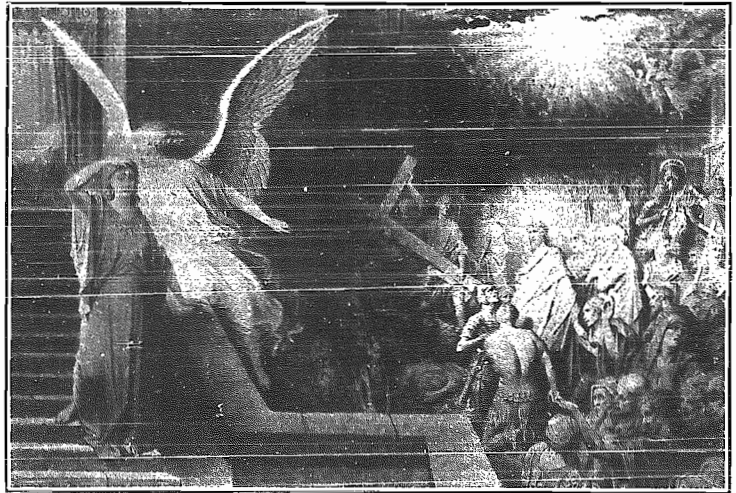
"There are those whose hearts are riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more."

It is hard to realize the truth of this when our eyes are blinded with tears, or burning with tears which refuse to fall; when our hearts are aching for our dear lost loved ones, and we crave their sweet presence; when the sound of their (now silent) voices would be sweeter than the songs of birds, and their loving embraces more precious than any other blessing

We should dry our tears and still the pangs that make anguish in our lonely hearts if we could grasp this thought with all its beauty and make it always a loving reality to us. But whether lonely, bereaved hearts feel it, or always believe it, the fact remains. We are reminded of it in the coming again of the Eastertide. All about us is Nature's resurrection. The fragrance of spring is in the air, the song of the birds is in the trees, winter's night has passed, summer's morning has dawned. It is bursting again all over the land in bud, and blossom, and sweet perfume. Out of dark, frozen earth the green blades are peeping. Oh, may they teach us along the lesson we are sometimes slow to learn, and fill our hearts with new hope and joy. We shall live again, and with us our dear ones "lost awhile." Not the tired, earthborn body, with its weaknesses and infirmities, but a new body, "like unto His glorious body." Mystery of mysteries, but a glorious hope, a precious promise—"We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him even as He is." 1 John iii. 2 (R.V.).

B. R.

Bishop Cosgrove, of the Catholic diocese of Davenport, Ia., ordered all Davenport priests to preach against wine-rooms, gambling, and all-night saloons, and as a result Davenport's vice is meeting with no little degree of opposition. As a further result, letters have been received threatening death to the Bishop, and declaring that within thirty days the home of all the priests would be blown up.



Shall the whispering home of Annas draw down upon your head
The hatred of the future and the shadow of the dead?
Why palter with this priestly crew? They hold a long intent:
When the wheels of the street have pity will the hearts of the priests relent.
You say you fear Tiberius—you fear the roar of Rome;
But this Man is to Cæsar as a sea-rock is to foam.
Whoever turns from this Man's truth, he takes the thorns for bed,
He plows the seas for gardens, and sows the sand for bread.

Oh, let the Galilean go, strike off His cruel bond:
Behold the fathomless silence and those eyes that look beyond.
There's more than mortal in that face—than earthly in this hour:
The fate that now is in the bud will soon be in the flower.
O Pilate, I have suffered many things in dream to-day,
Because of this strange Teacher of the strait and mystic way:
I saw Him hanging on a cross, where the stones of Golgotha are:
Then laid, at last, in a guarded tomb, under the evening star.

All these fair towers and walls went down, with a great and terrible cry,
While signs and portents threw on earth their shadows from the sky,
Where spectral warriors strode the clouds like giant cherubim,
Going to battle in the night, now glorious, now dim.
Then whispers wild; the shouts of crazing prophets on the street;
The wail of mothers by their dead; the sound of running feet;
And then the Temple reddened up, and stood, a cone of flame;
Then ashes, and Jerusalem had withered to a name.

World-battles roared around this Man, the world's mysterious King;
But over the storm of the ages I could hear the seven stars sing.
Rome crumbled, and I heard a voice across the ruin laugh:
A Power had risen on the world, shaking the thrones as chaff.
And down the ages ran your name, a byword and a jeer:
"He suffered under Pilate!" sounded ever in my ear.
The deeds of some are clean forgot, but yours did breathe and live;
Some are forgiven in the end, but none could you forgive.

Foot or Hand:

A Street Car Problem.

66 HAD to limit her to one pair a week.
"Who?"
We had not been listening as carefully as we should, and the remark did not quite connect in our mind.

"Why, Mother Florence, of course. She came so often, and, somehow, I never could refuse her."

"But what did Mother Florence come for?"

The courteous stranger glanced reprovingly at our density, and obligingly went back to the beginning of the story.

It all happened years ago. At that time I owned a large shoe store in the city, and the good woman in charge of the Rescue Work was almost a daily visitor sometimes. I cannot tell you how I got to know her or her work—I can only say that I learned to respect both at one and the same time. She was one of the most cheerful persons I ever met, in fact when she used to push her way through the clerks to my office at the back of the store she always brought a ray of sunshine over the books and ledgers. One would have thought such a woman lived among the flowers and birds of prosperity, and yet I found out that she spent every hour of the day, and a good many of the night, among the darkest, dirtiest, and wickedest parts of the city."

"And so Mother Florence came to enquire after your spiritual welfare?" we supposed, keeping one eye on the track for the appearing of a belated street-car.

"Not exactly," returned the gentleman, his eyes brightening with a suspicious twinkle, "though she never forgot to do that either. But she generally came to introduce a friend. Mother Florence enlarged my circle of acquaintanceship to an alarming extent. Sometimes it was an old woman, bowed down by years of wrong-doing; sometimes a respectable soul, with a face pinched by evident starvation; sometimes a bit of a girl with a frightened look on her fair face, and the innocence not quite chased away out of the defiant eyes. To each one Mother Florence gave me a personal introduction—my part of the bargain was a new pair of boots for the wanderer's feet. At last, as I have told you, I limited her to one pair a week; but her proteges were so many and so needy that her requests could scarcely keep within bounds, and I could never deny one of them."

Here the clang of a car-bell hurried us out of the waiting-room, with a hurried good-bye—but our new acquaintance followed us in, and at once resumed his narrative.

"I want to tell you about Maisie," he said; "she was perhaps the most forlorn of all the forlorn hopes that good woman brought in my store. My clerks had become somewhat accustomed to 'Mother's' strange invasions, but this morning they fell back in all sorts of attitudes as the dishevelled, destitute creature was paraded up to my office. I cannot describe her appearance—her clothes a collection of tatters, her face distorted with drink. I shall not soon forget fitting on her new shoes. I don't know what Mother Florence did with Maisie after that; she simply said she would take her home, and home meant cleanliness, and comfort, and Christ-like influences. I felt sure."

"That was years ago, and in traveling and business, I've seen little of the Army lately; but the other day"—(here the speaker's voice became so enthusiastic that the occupants of the car turned their heads)—"I passed a very well dressed, pleasant-faced lady, leading by the hand two sweet little children, evidently her own. As I passed a smile of recognition broke over her face. Something in the features, though nothing in the expression, recalled a long-forgotten scene in the office of my old shoe store. It was Mother Florence's Maisie. Thrice blessed the good woman's heart, that under Divine inspiration brought about such a resurrection."

"But did you not also have a hand in it?" we suggested, glancing at the filled eyes beneath the grey hair.

"No, mine was a humbler part—only a foot!" he said, lifting his hat and pulling the car-bell at the same moment.—A. L. P.



A SHORT time ago the world was thrilled with a description of the brilliant ceremonies connected with the coronation of the King of England. Thousands of loyal subjects paid high premiums, and endured considerable personal inconvenience, to have the privilege of looking upon the dazzling splendor of the majestic pageantry that formed a part of those proceedings which made Edward VII. King and ruler of an empire on which the sun never sets. Cavalcades of representatives from all parts of the earth swelled the magnificent procession, of which there has been no parallel in history.

Many old customs, whose origin dates back several centuries, were recognized. One of these was the office and duties of "The King's Champion." Before the coronation ceremony begins the Knight upon whom this duty falls appears before the crowd, and throwing down the gauntlet thereby challenges to mortal combat anyone who may dispute the proposed Sovereign's right to the throne. Of course, it is only an old custom, and may mean little to-day, but was not without its significance in those days when might argued as having superior claim than right.

Happily it was only a formality in the present case, which is among the many tributes the customs of medieval days offer to the progress of Christianity and civilization.

Another Coronation.

One could scarcely consider the various phases of the recent enthronement without being strongly reminded of another coronation—but one in which strong contrasts are manifested.

Midnight gloom, deserts, treacheries, murderous clamorings, a cursing rabble, blood-thirsty priests, discouraged, if not disloyal, followers; these were among the many tortures and distracting features that declared to the Man of Sorrows that the hour of His awful coronation had come. What a contrast to the gilded equipage and brilliant display, when an earthly monarch's enthronement is proclaimed by the silver trumpets of gold-laced heraldry.

The gloom hangs heavier, wrapping as a funeral pall the sacred enclosure—perhaps it is Nature's tribute to the tremendous and solemn occasion—and the crowd draws nearer. The flickering torches send faint shafts of gold through the darkness. Ah! the light is reflected by a white object. His prayer is finished—"Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done." Then, as they step toward Him, He turns and faces them. They, coward-like, fall back as helpless as a spent wave. He does not speak, nor is there any sign of reproach, but the expression on His face daunts them, and for a few moments they regard Him in awe and wonder.

Throws Down the Gauntlet.

The first step in this coronation ceremony—which was a spectacle to two worlds at least—was over. The King in this instance was His own Champion. He was compelled to demonstrate His own right to the Sovereignty of the race, which, through the fall of man, had chosen an enemy, and a despotic alien, as its ruler. Satan, heading the Powers of Darkness, disputed the Kingship and accepted the challenge. What an unequal conflict! The lonely Man of Sorrows in fierce combat with the Prince of Darkness, who has on his side Death, the Powers of the Air, and other terrible reinforcements. The battle had been desperate indeed, but Satan was conquered, Death vanquished, and the Powers of Darkness placed in subjection.

Could the blood-thirsty horde have seen what had taken place, how well would they have been

carry out their fell purpose—for to-morrow, at sundown, the Passover week begins, and no one can be slain during that period—and as the present is so opportune, they determine to rush things. The night is spent in mock trials. Driven to desperation by Herod's fear of the Roman power, and by the indifference of Pontius Pilate, the priests give heavy bribes to individuals to give false evidence. Partly through fear, and partly because of impatience, Pilate informs the maddened crowd at last that the matter is left in their hands. "His blood be upon us," is the answer that greets this declaration of seeming neutrality.

The Climax.

The herald of another day—and what a day!—had already appeared on the eastern horizon, sending its silvery shafts towards the zenith, when the victors surrendered either to the taunts or bribes of the blood-thirsty rabble, and take the Victim to the scourging room. While the dreadful corded whips of oxen sinew bring away flesh, and cause the blood to spurt at each lash, yet He opens not His mouth. His enemies exult in His suffering—not knowing that His human nature is being made perfect, and that He endures, so that having tasted of physical affliction Himself, He may be able to succour and comfort those who suffer.

"Is there diadem as Monarch

That His brow adorns?

Yea, a crown in very surety—

But of thorns."

The great coronation ceremony progresses, and just as the procession for the final scene starts on that solemn march, some malign mind has invented a crown—but made of thorns—which is placed upon His brow, causing the blood to flow from a dozen wounds, and to trickle down that face which expressed only love and tenderness. Now through the sheen-market, now through the gate, now climbing towards the hill that looks like a skull.

Three crosses, but only two criminals. The innocent One is almost the sole object of interest, though not of pity, save to a few, but of their execrations, curses, and insults, to which, as they lift the cross, and the weight of His body hangs upon tender and lacerated sinews, causing exquisite pain, He only replies, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

A courier from Pilate arrives with a formidable-looking document. Instructions are given to a soldier, who in response quickly seizes a ladder and nails the parchment to the cross of Christ, just over the sacred head that leans slightly forward. Scarcely has this been done than a Roman soldier on prancing steed rides from the background. With unerring aim his spear reaches its mark, and—

"There flows a stream from His wounded side," and almost immediately He cries, "It is finished."

A Strange Proclamation.

After the sudden darkness which had veiled the scene had cleared, the crowd drew near to see what was written on the document that had

The Difference! What?

A Study in Contrasts: By Lt. Col. Mrs. Read.

O GOD, help!

"There, you ———, take that!"

Sharp, ringing reports followed the muttered oath, and the cry for help was too late—the six-barreled revolver was almost emptied of its contents by the desperate murderer.

The clatter of beer-glasses and the sound of coarse, obscene jests had filled the room a moment before.

But when Capitola La Noir's death shriek pierced the air and she fell moaning to the ground, shot through the heart by her jealous lover, every cheek paled, and accustomed as were the loungers of that low saloon to scenes of horror and even blood-shedding, the deliberate murder of Capitola struck terror to even their hardened hearts.

She was witty and bright, could drink as much wine as any woman of her set, and was a favorite with the men who frequented the sporting-house of which she was "Madame."

This was the cause of the trouble: When the man who lived on her ill-gotten gains came into the bar-room and saw her laughing with the crowd there, in a passion of mad-dened frenzy he fired five successive shots into her quivering body.

With a dying gasp and appeal for assistance, she panted out her poor, sinful life on the floor before her companions in iniquity.

*"Close, close the dark picture, c'en stars seemed to frown,
The shadows sped noiselessly by;
The pale moon in pity looked silently down,
The night winds gave forth a deep sigh.*

*"And well might old earth mourn in silence that night,
O'erwhelmed with shame and surprise;
And well might the heavens frown over the sight,
And stars veil their beautiful eyes.*

*'O hearts of humanity, rise in your might,
And, aided by strength from the skies,
Go, banish the cause of such deeds, back as night,
And help the poor fallen ones rise."*

"I am glad you have come—that there will be a prayer said for the poor creature." So said the undertaker's assistant kindly, as he stepped forward to meet the two young women who entered the precincts of death.

They wore the emblems of a people consecrated to an endeavor to elevate society's underworld, hence his confidence in the probability of "a prayer being said." Gladly would they have stretched a helping hand, but the murdered woman lying in the casket was beyond the reach of their prayers and love.

Gone—oh, awful thought!—out into a dark future of eternal despair.

It was the special work of one of the two to seek such as Capitola, but she had only arrived in the little city among the western mountains a few hours previous to her death.

She thought she could, at least, by her presence, show the dissolute companions of the deceased one that they could escape her dreadful fate, and a sister's love, and a home, might be theirs.

The remains of the murderer lay in an adjacent apartment, waiting interment. He had been addicted to absinthe drinking, and under its baneful influence had followed the taking of

Capitola's life by, in the most horrible fashion, destroying his own.

"Twas a strange funeral—no tears, no sympathy.

Solemn were the warnings of the minister who read the service before the cortege moved slowly off to the cemetery. There were only a few abandoned women inside the undertaker's store, and a motley crowd outside.

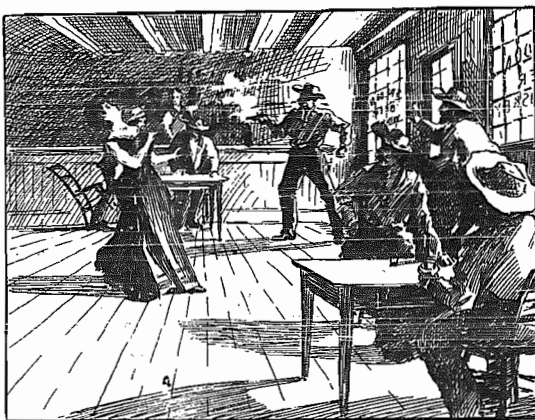
Its influence for thoughtful retrospection was short-lived, for when the Salvationists turned sadly away the few stragglers were taking a morbid delight in examining the bullet-riddled hat of the suicide and murderer, whose bloated corpse still lay within.

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THE PICTURE REVERSED.

"Sing to me, please."

The voice that came from among the soft pillows was weak and tremulous.



"There, you ———, take that!"

"What shall I sing, dear?" was the gentle question of the bright-faced woman who had watched the patient so lovingly for days. "What shall I sing? Have you any favorite?"

"Yes, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,'" came again the quiet response.

The room in which the sufferer lay was small and plainly furnished, but cosy and homelike withal.

Poor, storm-tossed mariner on life's rough sea, she had at last found a safe haven.

Little the officers thought, as they received the poor outcast drunkard into the Army Home, that so short a time would their affection and ministrations be required.

Only a few short weeks of suffering and all was over.

Tender, thoughtful care smoothed out the path which would have been otherwise rugged indeed.

Words of hope were whispered to the sick girl—words as full of counsel as a mother's words could be.

One day light came to the darkened mind, faith to her unbelieving heart.

The tired eyes, from which the light was fading, rested on the white Army coverlet, with its Scripture mottoes, spread upon the little bed, the wasted fingers traced words that were to be as a door through which she would enter into salvation, home, and heaven.

"His blood can make the vilest clean."

"Can it be possible?—the vilest! Why, I'm the vilest," she exclaimed. "Does it avail for me?"

Not many days did she linger on the river's bank.

The portals of the eternal were flung wide aside by unseen hands, and she just slipped away from the strife, the heart-break, the tumult, and disappointment of a "transgressor's way," slipped away into the peace and joy of happiness unalloyed.

Out of the discords of a turbulent life into all the beauty of everlasting melody and song.

From the cot of a Home of Refuge to the palace of the King.

With the chariot's lowering came the low, broken request, "Sing it again:

*"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
—While I rise to worlds unknown,
—"*

And the blood-bought soul had trembled out into that spirit world.

A few of God's men and women, with song and prayer, laid away the emaciated form in a quiet resting-place, under the drooping trees on a lovely hill-side.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE—WHAT?

What Love Said.

Love said: "A beauty not of earth but heaven,
Still seek in thy beloved's glances bright;
For love to man as his best strength is given,
A guiding star, not a false, wandering light."

Love said: "In the sweet eyes where thou dost see

Pure light, not flame, there shalt thou see thy fate;

So a clear lamp to light thy path shall be,
No wasting fire thy heart to desolate."

Love said: "This blessing to thy life is given,
To draw thy heart from things of little worth:
Wings shall it give, to lift thy heart to heaven,
Not chains to hold it closer to the earth."
—Geibel.

"Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime,
In worship to the rising sun."

—T. G. Brooks.

There are sweet surprises awaiting many a humble soul fighting against great odds in the battle of seemingly commonplace life.

"Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift."—Abraham Lincoln.



"Sing to me, please."

SAM'S SUGAR CURE.

A STORY BY PRY.

ONE night after the meeting I had reason to go into the city, and while returning home met Samuel Silver. Sam caught me by the arm and said:

"Here, hold on, Captain! Of course I wouldn't like you to say anything about it to anyone, but I have become a slave to strong drink, and, sinner as I am, I must say I have enough self-respect, and, I trust, manhood, to hate with all my heart the accursed thing which has me within its grasp. Of course, you know it is the same old story—I could once take a glass and leave it alone, but that time has long since passed away until to-day I have become a slave."

"Well," I replied, "you can be as free as a bird of the air from the intoxicating cup, as all other evils."

"Yes, I know what you are going to say," Sam answered; "you fellows always get a shot in about religion when you can, but I want to tell you how I am conquering the habit of taking strong drink."

"You know, Captain," he continued, "it has become a custom with me, having drank for many years, to take a glass or two before retiring at night, and many a time when I have been undressed in my cabin, and ready to jump into bed, an uncontrollable desire has taken possession of me for whiskey, so that often and often I have hurriedly put on my clothes and rushed into the city for a drink. But I have put an idea of mine into effect, and so far, I am glad to say, it has worked like a charm. I'll tell you what it is. Every time I feel the appetite for intoxicating liquor gaining the mastery of me I rush out, not to the grog-shop, but to the grocery store, and buy a pound of sugar instead of spending a dollar in liquor. This plan I have found to work admirably so far. It now happens, in consequence, that I have a large quantity of this sweet stuff on hand, and, by the way, if you would like some, call around."

"All right," I replied, "I shall be glad to accept of your kind offer, as our cupboard is somewhat empty of that particular delicacy."

"Well, what do you think of my plan?" he queried.

"I think it very good," I replied. "Certainly much better than going into the city and getting drunk, although the saying is, 'Good resolutions, when made in our own strength, are like pie-crust, made to be broken.' I am afraid, like many others, you need a greater Power to control your life than your own. The exercise of will-power is a very good and very necessary thing, but often we find, though our desires are the best, we are not always able to completely conquer sins which have bound and blighted our lives for years without help, therefore ask God to help you—nay, deliver you—from the appetite of strong drink."

Sam bade me a hearty good-night, and as future events proved, it would have been the wisest to have accepted my advice, as his will, though strong enough to keep him to his resolution for many weeks, eventually gave way, and I soon saw him drinking as heavily as ever.

We were having our open-air meeting in the rays of light from the saloons when a poor drunkard, at our earnest pleadings, came to the drum-head and cried to God for mercy. His tears and penitence were not in vain, and soon his shining face told the multitude who quickly assembled to see the strange sight that the burden from his soul had been lifted.

I thought it best not to leave him at the conclusion of the open-air service to the tender mercies (?) of the saloon-keepers, so arm in arm we went up the street together, passing saloon after saloon. Every now and then the door of one of these gilded palaces would open, and out on the frosty air would rush the hot fumes of strong drink. As we journeyed on the temptation became more and more severe until I was afraid this babe in Christ would not be equal to the task of resisting the devil long.

At last Sam stopped in front of a saloon whose door stood widely open, and stood gazing into its interior as though transfixed. Dancing and music could

be distinctly heard. A rapid glance told too plainly that every effort was being made to make everything as attractive as possible within. The saloon-keeper stood at the door of the tavern and stared at Sam, who was quaking with fear, and having a desperate struggle, I could tell, as I felt his trembling arm within my own.

At length he shouted: "O Captain, do pray for me—I can't, oh, I can't!"

Then and there we dropped on our knees in front of the tavern, in the face of the saloon-keeper, and cried unto God for this poor drunkard. Hundreds of people were passing along the street, but heeding them not, or the landlady of the tavern, and those with her who gazed in astonishment, we prayed to God, and as a result fresh strength came from heaven, and in a few minutes we arose to our feet, and reached the home of Sam in safety, where we praised God for the power of His salvation.

The Two Processions.

BY BRIGADIER ALEXANDER LAMB, U.S.A.

IT was while sitting in the private office of a friend that my eyes were attracted to a pair of fine old steel engravings, which hung on the wall opposite my chair. These pictures belong to an almost extinct class of art, which has been supplanted in recent years by a more modern and less expensive style of work which perhaps satisfies the ordinary eye about as well.

But my friend does not belong to this latter class, and so had discovered these specimens among some old engravings which were being sold for a mere song. He is a Salvationist, by the way, and in that purchase suggests much that is true of the Army at large—eyes to see in the social castaways fine touches and traces of underlying worth which the careless observer never discerns. But it is not of the fine art display in those engravings that I wish to write: nor is it of any far-fetched or near-at-hand lessons that their purchase might suggest; but rather of the impressive lessons taught by the pictures themselves.

As I intimated, the pictures were companion pieces—one representing the entry of Christ into Jerusalem with the crowd crying, "Hosanna!" and the other His sad and last departure, when, a few days later, the throng cried out, "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" The portrayal of the scenes was in harmony with the accounts given in the Gospels, and can thus be easily imagined.

In the first Zechariah's great prophecy was being fulfilled: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee. He is just and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass."

POPULAR FAVOR IS FICKLE.

The crowd spread their garments in the way, and wave their branches of palm, while with one outburst of joy they welcome the King of Israel to their beloved Jerusalem. But the cry of the crowd soon changes, for in a very few days this same guest of the city is led forth by a band of Roman soldiers, down the same street, and out through the same gates, bearing His own heavy cross, while the infuriated mob cry out for His blood. It was the dark Friday before the bright Easter dawn.

This is the great contradiction of life, the inexplicable mystery of reverses which is the common lot of all, and especially of those who seek their Master's image in their hearts, or their Master's service in their lives. To-day, the sky is clear, and an undimmed vision of brightness cheers the soul; to-morrow, the heavens are black and all the fury of hell is heard in the thunders above our heads. To-day, friends gather about us in great numbers while from our full exchequer we distribute gifts, and pass as the man of generous deeds, whose heart is set on blessing his fellows; to-morrow, the bank fails and business collapses, while the same set gather in other homes entirely forgetting the favors so recently showered upon them.

If it were all day and no night many plants would cease to grow, for darkness as well as light contributes to progress in nature. If it were all sunshine and no storm the earth would

soon be parched for want of rain. The night must ever precede the morning, the battle must come before the victory, there must be mountains to make valleys, and conflicts before the conquest of peace can be fully enjoyed.

THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE OF LIFE.

"There is ever a misleading voice within which says to the struggling soul, 'When the top of that mountain is reached a great plain will stretch out before you—no more difficult climbing after that distant height is scaled.' But this hilltop only proves to be like ordinary hilltops, with its transporting views and bracing air, soon to be necessarily exchanged for the descent on the other side, the valley and stream below to be crossed, and another similar mountain climb to be made."

Over and again when a great crisis is past, and a mighty victory is gained, we revel in the thought that the worst of our conflicts are over, only to find that as soon as we are really rested, and often even before that time, we are face to face with some other difficulty or danger which staggers us to even consider. But if the battle is a little harder, the load a little heavier than the preceding one, it is because the Heavenly Father sees that in the last contest our spiritual muscles were tested and strengthened for something greater, and so here it is, so great as to call into action every ability of either nature or grace with which the soul is possessed. "The flowery bed of ease," is not for those who are to bear the conqueror's palm and wear the conqueror's crown. The why of the rough way we cannot give. But the rough way must surely sometimes be ours.

GOD IS NO RESPECTOR OF PERSONS.

One of our great delusions is the foolish thought that God has other saints and soldiers of His, whom we know, whose path is one of unbroken beauty and delight. Because our sorrows are not their sorrows, we imagine that they are either without them, or live above them. They may live largely above them, but they are surely not without them. Many of them look at us in the same hour that we are tempted to envy them and wish that they might occupy our stand. No one would insist that all souls carry the same weight of sorrow. We know that they do not; but things are more evenly divided than we are usually inclined to think. Anyway, whatever the crosses may be, we do not wish to shut out all the special purposes of God in dealing with individual souls in His work of refining and polishing them. We long to be holy, and then cry out when the pruning knife is applied to cut off the useless branches and foliage that absorb our best energies. Why does God take from us these joys and charms of life? Why? There is no perfect answer to our question, though we must see that it is in part, at least, the answer to our own soul's cry. The child wants to be well and strong, but it is not willing to take the medicine that will cure its little ills. And we older children act much in the same way. While this answer is not a complete one, we are, nevertheless, cheered by the remembrance that the "Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering"; and we who follow on can hardly hope for the most perfect likeness to Him while living in the full blaze of even religious popularity—our boat even on the crest of the wave, happy in the joy of His salvation, while shrinking from our share in the "fellowship of His suffering."

It is not simply to drag, with muttering spirits, through these reverses and contradictions of joy and sorrow, of sunshine and shadow, of health and sickness, of applause and scorn—that makes the real Christ-follower. Look at Him in the dignity of His uprightness! He is not elated when they wish to crown Him King, and He is not disheartened when they cry out for His blood; for "He shall not fail nor be discouraged," this humiliated Prince of Peace. He marches in either procession with the same humility of spirit, whether toward the temple or toward the cross.

This is the unending lesson of Easter, the paradox of all real life, in the kingdom of nature or in the kingdom of grace. Death must precede life, Calvary comes before the resurrection morn, and pain and travail of soul must ever blend with the joys, the glories, and triumphs of the Kingdom of Christ. We must share them both if we walk in fellowship with Him.



"CHRIST'S LAST PRAYER."

38 **A**ND such were the men that shook the world!" some officer exclaimed while looking at the above picture.

Indeed, they are not the faces of an exceptionally able body of learned men, with trained intellect and large experience of governing others. Doubtless the same observation was made with a scornful smile by the Pharisees and upper classes of Jerusalem's inhabitants when they saw the disciples of Jesus, who was proclaimed the promised Messiah and King of the Jews. Those rural-looking fishermen did not much resemble the brilliant retainers a King of Israel should have about him.

But they were of that material out of which Jesus could fashion breathing temples of the Holy Ghost, to go forth as apostles among the

people of the earth and spread the mustard seed of the Kingdom of Heaven. They were unspoiled by theories, unused to hair-splitting, strangers to policy, but honest, simple-minded, trusting, children of nature, with big hearts and willing hands. It was a proclamation to the world that God rather uses the weak to confound the mighty, that the excellency of His grace and power of faith may be clearly shown. If the fishermen, Peter and John, can become the disciples of the Son of God, none need despair. Born in a manger, grown up in the carpenter's shop, choosing the poorest for companions, and often not having a place to lay His head, Jesus indeed came to the very lowest, that the lowest might be raised with Him to the highest estate of eternity.

And so we see the rugged, weather-stained faces, unpretentious, yet sincere, each representing a different type of humanity, standing on either side of Christ. John, with his finer intuition has better divined the farewell of the Master, and covers his face with his hands to hide the tears sorrow presses from his eyes. Peter, standing on the right side, impulsive, strong-headed, and hot-hearted, looks at his Master he has vowed never to leave. The last supper has been partaken. Judas, the traitor, is even now at the Pharisee's house receiving his thirty pieces of silver; and Christ has given His disciples the last counsel.

"Let not your hearts be troubled," He had said; followed by all those beautiful words treasured in the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of the

Gospel of John. N hands, looking into prays His last pr tion recorded in th

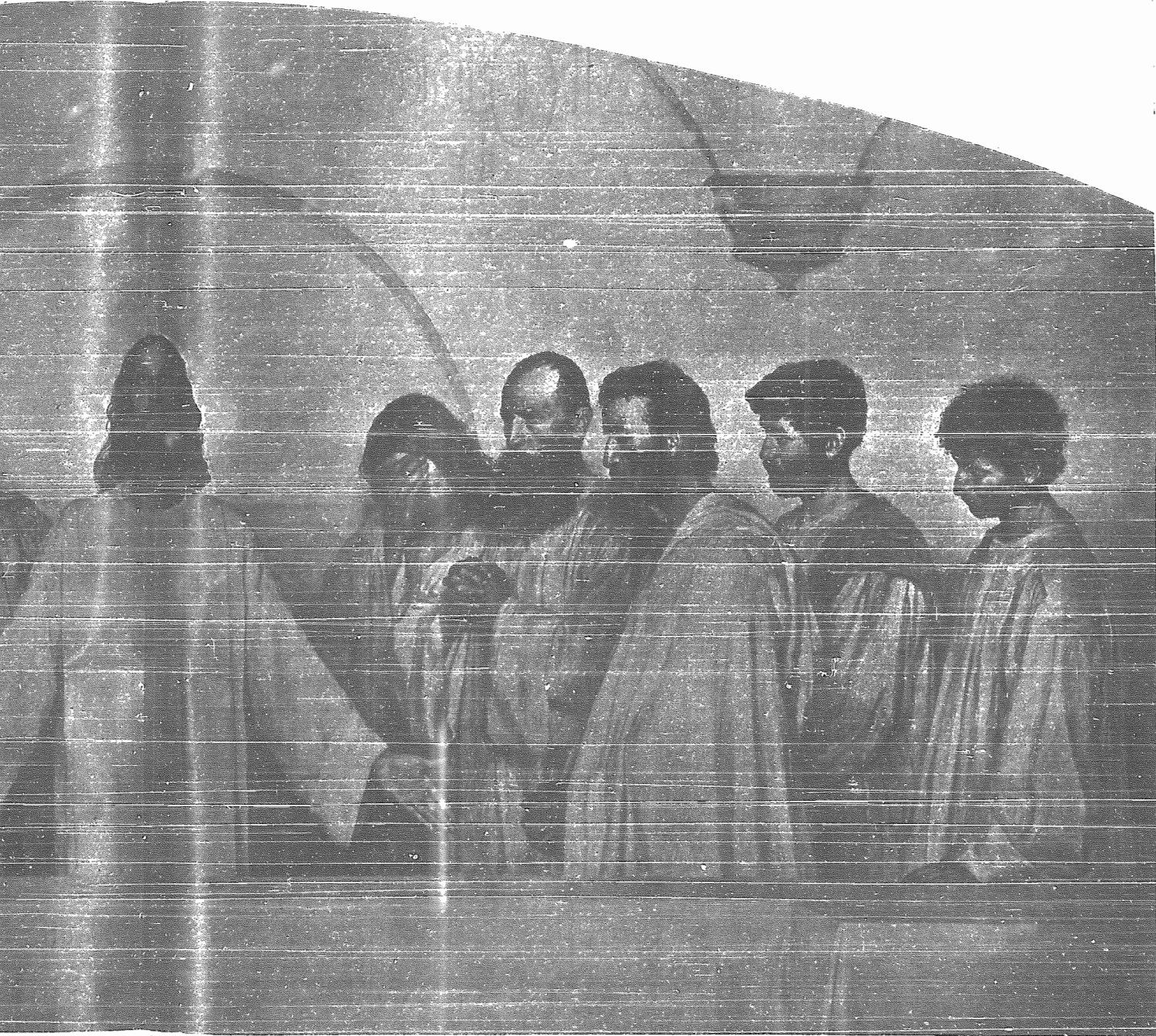
"Father, the ho that Thy Son also

"As Thou hast flesh, that He shou as Thou hast given

"And this is I know Thee, the on whom Thou hast s

"I have glorifi finished the work

"And now, O F Thine own self, wi Thee before the w



"CHRIST'S LAST PRAYER."

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Gospel of John. Now He stands with extended hands, looking into the face of His Father, and prays His last prayer—that marvelous invocation recorded in the seventeenth chapter.

"Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee:

"As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.

"I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do.

"And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me, with Thine own self, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was.

"I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou gavest Me out of the world: Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me; and they have kept Thy word."

Reverently they listen, only dimly understanding the weighty meaning of those words which afterwards found such a tragic fulfilment. But they feel the presence of heaven and the awful solemnity of the hour. They know this is their last gathering, and the hour of darkness is in some degree coming to them all. Had He not told them that in the world they would have tribulation, but in Him they had peace? The testing-time was approaching, and they sincerely meant to come out triumphant. Alas! for a time they all forsook Him and fled. But they repented, awaited the Holy Ghost, and, baptized

with fire, they electrified Jerusalem at Pentecost, and had their first glorious revival that established the first church on a firm basis.

Conditions are much the same to-day; to one Paul we find eleven fishermen disciples; to one scholar eleven people of the masses that are the active workers and soul-winners. The great majority theorizes or looks idly on. God wants men that are saved from sin, having a living faith and obedient spirit, and wherever He finds these He shows Himself strong—strong on their behalf, strong to save others, strong to lead others, strong to perform wonders and miracles even in this year of grace 1903.

Will you be one of Christ's true-disciples, and a saviour of others?



Our Local Officers Page

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

In a letter circulated a few weeks ago among officers we asked for photos and pen-sketches of Local Officers for a Special Local Officers' War Cry. The response has been so very profuse that we find it impossible to use all the material in one special number of the War Cry, which has influenced us to abandon that idea, and to begin with this Easter Edition a Special Local Officers' Page, which we intend to continue weekly in the War Cry for an indefinite time. This will not only allow us to use all the material in our possession now, but to give those corps who have been unable to send photos an opportunity to be represented in the future. We have also secured the promise of a number of prominent officers to write a weekly column especially for this page, which, we hope, will become popular with not only the Local Officers, but also the rank and file of the Territory.—Ed.

The First Local Officers.

BY COLONEL JACOBS, CHIEF SECRETARY.

RELATIVES do not always give good advice. If many of the men and women who have done great and mighty deeds for God had taken the counsel of their friends they would have accomplished very little. There are, however, exceptions, and one among these stands out very prominent, that of Moses taking the advice of his father-in-law.

In the eighteenth chapter of Exodus we find an account of Jethro paying a visit to his son-in-law. The meeting appears to have been of a very affectionate and pleasing character. On the second day Jethro observed something which he considered was not the wisest or best in the interest of Moses or the people. (Read Ex. xviii. 13-27.) Moses' time was wholly taken up with the people's affairs, both great and small. The amount of work he was trying to do was too heavy for him, and apart from this it was greatly inconveniencing the people, as of necessity there would be a great delay in settling the business brought before him.

JETHRO'S PROPOSAL.

After careful observation and deliberation, Jethro proposed an immediate change, as follows:

"Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, and rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. And let them judge the people at all seasons: and it shall be, that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge; so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee."

This proposal was immediately accepted by Moses and acted upon. A very similar arrangement to this exists to-day in connection with the Local Officers of the Salvation Army, and in very many respects both correspond.

CHARACTER OF MOSES' LOCAL OFFICERS.

They were to be "able"; that is, they must have some ability for leadership. There are some soldiers who possess qualifications for different positions, and an all-able field officer will see to it that his qualified soldiers are appointed where the best service can be got out of them.

They were to be "such as fear God"; that is, they were to be godly, or good. Nothing can take the place of goodness.

Then, to make the matter clearer still, Jethro states that they were to be "men of truth." There is more in this statement than may appear on the surface. It does not simply mean that they were to be men who were not liars. It goes further; it implies that there was to be no untruth in them. "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts," said David, in his prayer to God. The same idea is in Jethro's mind: to have men who were entirely delivered from everything pertaining to untruth; their lives to be transparent; their profession and possession to agree; their dealings, judgments, and decisions to be founded on truth.

Not only were they to be men of truth, but "hating covetousness." It would have been a great qualification if Jethro had stopped when he said that they were to be men of truth. We would not have complained. But he goes further and implies that their spiritual condition was to be such that they would actually hate covetousness. Salvation from untruth would save them from this; but, in their official capacity, they would be open to receive bribes, not necessarily gifts—it may be bribes of smiles, or oily words, or something which would tempt them to act contrary to their own judgment, therefore, one of the requirements of these Local Officers is "hating covetousness."

DIVISION OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Moses divides responsibility, consequently the work is done quicker, and, therefore, more satisfactory. There appears to-day to be a disliking to have the burden of responsibility. The commission of a Local Officer makes him responsible. That responsibility should not be removed to others. It is quite human not to wish to do that which is unpleasant. There is not the slightest doubt that Moses' Local Officers at times had very disagreeable tasks to perform; their commission called for this. "They shall bear the burden with thee," said Jethro. This does not mean that they are to do everything that was nice and pleasing, and have the honors and glory of being promoted to high positions and then throw back on Moses' shoulders all the awkward work. They were, in a sense, co-partners with Moses, to "bear the burden with him." This is the work of a Local Officer in the Salvation Army, to bear his or her share of responsibility. If the work prospers and goes ahead, then everything is lovely, and the blessing of success is shared with the Local Officers and soldiers. If, however, things go contrary, and there is disgrace and shame, and things happen which are very disagreeable, a good Local Officer will "bear the burden" with his officers.

DIVISION OF WORK.

Moses' Local Officers were appointed for work, and they did the work which they were appointed to. There was no such thing as Honorary Local Officers with a title or rank. Every man accepted his share of the work, and did the work assigned to him.

The tendency in all ages is to have men in office who are not fulfilling the duty of that office. This not only applies to the religious world, but to the secular world. The work of a Salvation Army Local Officer has been defined so clearly in the Regulations, and any tendency to simply having the commission and wearing the stripes, without doing the work, should be desisted by the individual himself. If the Local

officer is not doing the work his commission calls him to do, he should at once find out the reason why, and if the fault is within himself at that fault rectified, and commence at once to do the duties assigned to him.

This division of work and responsibility made the life of Moses somewhat easier, and not only brought some relief to him, but blessing to the people, and the people went to "their place in peace."

Locals of Halifax I. Corps.

HALIFAX Number One is one of the oldest corps in the Eastern Province, and has an interesting history. It has a good staff of Local Officers, of which we give photos below, with brief comments, except in the case of the Color-Sergeant, who is, indeed, a trophy of grace, and who has written his experience, which will doubtless prove of interest and blessing to War Cry readers.

TREASURER CASBIN is well known to all Salvationists who have been privileged to visit Halifax. He is an old and faithful soldier, and as a Corps Treasurer cannot be surpassed, being always at his place of duty at the appointed time, and in every way faithful to his officers and the interests of the corps. He is known to War Cry readers by occasional contributions.

WAR CRY SERGEANT WINNIE BURGESS was converted at Halifax I., and has for a long period of time been a faithful War Cry hustler.

WAR CRY SERGEANT EMMA BREWER is indeed a hustler, doing faithfully her part in the War Cry selling. She also holds the position of J. S. Sergeant, and is devoted to her work of leading the little lambs to Jesus. She is now a Candidate for officership, and will doubtless become successful as a leader of others and a winner of souls.

WAR CRY SERGEANT MRS. WILSON. MRS. WILSON was converted four years ago in this corps. Although only lately starting as War Cry boomer, she is doing well, and helps regularly every week in the sale of the War Cry.

MRS. SERGT. TOWNSEND, HALIFAX I., is an old soldier, and a faithful worker in the open-air and in the hall. By visiting from door to door she brings blessing to those who cannot, and some who will not, come to the house of God.

SERG. MRS. MORGAN was converted in the early days, under the second officers of this corps. For many years she has been a Visiting Sergeant and regular attendant at the open-air, winter and summer, and is always ready to do anything for the Master.

Color-Sergeant J. Jones.

Once a Wayward Boy and a Drunkard, now Both He and His Wife Saved and Sergeants in the S. A.

From time to time I have read the experiences of those who have been brought under the sav-



Treasurer Casbin, Halifax I.

ing influence of the Salvation Army, and I thought I was in duty bound to God and the Army to tell of the wonderful manner in which I have been saved from the curse of drink, and my soul from sin, through the precious blood of Jesus.

The earliest recollections of myself are that I was disobedient and untractable. My mother died when I was very young, and perhaps that in some measure accounts for the wild life I have led. My father was a clerk, choir-master, and teacher of music; a man that never had tasted liquor in his life, or smoked a pipe of tobacco, who was a regular communicant in the church, who feared God, and was a terror to evil-doers.

My early inclinations were to play truant from school. Before I was fourteen years of age I was beyond parental control, and it was decided I should be apprenticed as an indoor apprentice to a shoemaker, which meant that I was to live and have my meals with the family. As I was thereby removed some thirty miles from my father's house, I only saw him about three times during my apprenticeship, which lasted a few years. The people I lived with were Methodists, and my new surroundings had, a soothing influence on my troubled mind. I resolved I would try and lead a good life, and succeeded to a tolerable degree in making myself believe I was getting very good. In an evil moment, however, when getting corrected for some serious fault, I reviled my master and mistress who had been so good to me, and they cancelled my indentures and told me to be gone.

Now that I could go where I liked and do as I liked, all my good resolutions and promise of amendment were cast to the winds, and I began a career of debauchery and drink. During my apprenticeship I had become a Sunday School teacher, and Secretary of the Band of Hope; I was also considered a good singer and elocutionist; indeed people would send for me for miles to take part in their entertainments. When I began my downward career, my father's sister, a noble Christian woman, whose whole life has been spent in the service of God, tried her best to rescue me from the pit into which I had fall-

en. I did make two or three spasmodic efforts to reform, and my aunt's husband, who is a wealthy merchant, even went so far as to come to the places where he heard I was drinking, brought me out and took me home. He reasoned with me, but all to no avail; I had no more use for religious people or churches. As for God and eternity, oh, yes, sometimes in the very agony of my soul, which was crying for freedom from the bondage in which I had placed it, I did think sometimes of God. Terrible thoughts of the judgment that was coming shook me. What was I to do? What could I do?—only drink, drink, drink! Drown it all—what did I want with God?

In course of time I got married, which stopped me in my wild career for a time. Children

drunken carousals before I left England. When I stepped on board the Cunarder that was to take me away from all my former scenes of dissipation, I inwardly resolved that I had done with drink; but, alas! I was no sooner aboard than the very first man who spoke to me pulled out a quart bottle of whiskey. I remembered little more during the voyage, only that a clergyman got into conversation with me, and gave me letters of introduction to other clergymen in the city to which I was going.

We landed at Quebec and came on to Halifax, where we arrived on a Sunday afternoon. That very night I lay blind drunk in a distillery at Freshwater. Although I was so drunk on the Sunday, I was working the very next day. In six weeks I was in business for myself, but was going to the bad as fast as possible.

I had not been sober, I do not think, one day for six months, when a singular thing happened to me. I was taking a stroll around on Sunday morning, looking for my rum as usual. I had then a man working for me who was boarding at the Salvation Army Harbor. I went in to take him out and give him a drink, when, by some mistake, I went into a room where they were holding a meeting. This was something new to me. I seemed to lose sight of the rum altogether. They were singing—

"THERE IS A BETTER WORLD, THEY SAY."

I looked at myself and at my surroundings. Ah, yes, and here, too, there is a better world. My whole life rose up before me—my lost condition, my father's prayers, my wife's agonizing cry, "Where are you going?" my children's sad looks. Oh, how guilty I felt that morning. Oh, how I rushed to that penitential form. How I cried to God to spare me, to have mercy, to blot out the past. I found no peace then, but I made a solemn promise that if God would graciously pardon me I would take up my cross. From that moment the struggle commenced, and it raged furiously for several days; but, blessed be God who giveth us the victory, the burden rolled away. God graciously answered my prayer, my sins were forgiven, and now I am rejoicing in Jesus' salvation.

My wife came to the penitential form the following Sunday, and for twelve months we have been doing all we can to get sinners saved. My wife is Visiting Sergeant at the V. G. Hospital and War Cry Sergeant. You will find her name amongst the hustlers of the Eastern Province; while your humble servant is Color-Sergeant of No. 1. Halifax Corps, and is training up his children to be soldiers, too. To God be all the glory!



J. S. Sergt. Emma Brower.
Visiting-Sergt Mrs. Townsend.

Sergt Mrs. Morgan
War Cry Sergt. Burgess.

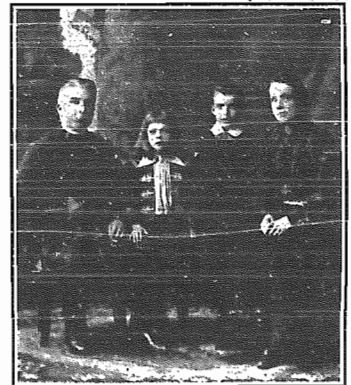
were born unto me who were fond of me, although I was carrying on badly. One of my little ones almost died in my arms singing—

"Jesus' friend, little friend,
On His mercy I depend."

Oh, the curse of drink! Oh, the bitter wail that will go up on that great day from those who have been ruined by it!

I was in business at the time, as I was always able to earn big money at my trade, and when in England I could command a lot of work. I never knew what it was to be short of work.

My father died in 1895, and left me quite a nice sum of money, which I resolved to spend wisely and not for drink. I would go to a country where there would not be so many temptations, and chose Canada. I had a regular



Color-Sergt. Jones and Family, Halifax I.

The Conquest of Holland.

BY ENSIGN SCHNILLIVERVE, AMSTERDAM.

It is about sixteen years ago that the first Salvation Army officers landed in Holland. They met with a hearty, sympathetic reception from some prominent Christians in the country, who had previously heard of the Army's operations in other lands, or who had read some books published by it. For the inhabitants of beautiful little Holland, with its rich, green meadows, its flocks, its wind-mills, channels, and dykes, are a reading people, and one that is ready to assimilate the good it finds in every movement it meets with.

There was one young teacher, Mr. Govaars, who had, for instance, a friend in Paris, France. This friend often sent him the *En Avant* (the French War Cry) and an S. A. song-book, which literature made him love the Army so dearly that he put a pair of brass S's on his collar before he ever had seen a Salvationist. He became the first S. A. officer in Holland, where he worked in various departments for fourteen years, and is now Chief Secretary in Switzerland. His two brothers and only sister are officers, too—the latter volunteered for India, which country she has just reached.

Then there was the Schoch family, well known all over the world in S. A. circles, who, shortly after the arrival of the Army in Holland, threw their fate in with it. Mr. Schoch and his family were Christian workers before the Army came to their land, and had a mission of their own in Amsterdam. Thinking, however, the Army offered, perhaps, a vaster and more efficient way for doing good, they went to London to study the Army on the spot where it was well established and in full swing, and having been quite satisfied with the results of their inquiry, the whole family entered upon S. A. service. Many of their children are now prominent leaders in different lands.

There was, however, on the other hand also, a lot of misunderstanding, hatred and persecution. This was especially the case in Holland in the little town of Tersecke, which is renowned for its oyster breeding. The mob had threatened and insulted the officers so badly that one day they were compelled to barricade themselves in their village home, keeping doors and shutters tightly closed. As they could see nothing

of what was being done outside, the roughs determined to get rid of them at once by burning them alive, and to this end climbed on the low roof and poured tar and petroleum on it. But God watched over His children and delivered them miraculously out of the hands of their enemies. To-day there is a bright little colony in this town, the meetings are well attended, and the hall every Sunday crowded out. The whole population is sympathetic to the utmost.

Nowadays the Salvation Army, as a whole, is in a very flourishing and sound condition throughout the country. Its principles and aims are appreciated and understood generally, and the work liberally supported by all classes of people. The Training Home sends forth well-trained officers for the increasing claims of Field and Social work, and even the foreign field has been assisted by Dutch officers, who are to be found under the red, yellow, and blue in Java, Switzerland, France, Belgium, and other lands.

Under the able leadership of Commissioner Cosandey marked progress was made in all the departments of the work, and we are believing for still greater victories with our new leaders. Commissioner and Mrs. Estill, who have met with the most hearty reception, and have jumped right into the hearts of all the officers of their new command, and we may say of the soldiers

and public too, as the welcome meetings showed.

There are at present S. A. corps in nearly all cities of some importance and big villages—in all sixty-three corps, twenty outposts, and six slum posts. The last of these slum posts is the first opening at which Mrs. Estill presided. It was on the occasion of the first visit of the Commissioner to Rotterdam, where our Social work is about to assume big proportions, and where we have six corps. The people in big cities like Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, are greatly in love with us. They want to see practical love, practical religion, and they see the manifestation of it in our Social operations, which counts in April:

- 3 Rescue Homes.
- 7 Men's Shelters.
- 7 Labor Bureaux.
- 2 Working-men's Hotels.
- 1 Cheap Food Depot.
- 1 beautiful Farm Colony.
- 1 Home of Rest.
- 1 Children's Home.
- 1 nearly-completed Prison Gate Home, which is to be opened in April.

The plans for the latter were designed by our own architect, who is a Captain in the Army. We also have our own Printing Department.

Yes, we really can say that the Lord has been with us right from the beginning, and that He has been pleased to do a mighty work through the instrumentality of the Army among all classes of people, for it is not only the working classes that have been blessed and brought in touch with a living Saviour, but all the churches and missions, as a whole, have been quickened and aroused to increased activity.

Our souls bow before the Lord of Hosts in adoration and deepest gratitude for the mighty things He has worked amongst us, and it is unto Him that we look for the time that all Holland—yea, all the earth—shall be full of the "knowledge of the Lord." Hallelujah! Amen!

Helping Destitute Dutchmen.

I think we can take it for granted that it is now well known in Holland that the Salvation Army has a Land Colony, which is situated in the parish of Lunteren, an hour's distance from Barneveld.

To those who, from time to time, visit this Colony it is a great joy to find how, year upon year the barren heath soil is changed into cultivated land.

It must be borne in mind that we have not undertaken the cultivation of the heath land on a large scale, for those who are a little better acquainted with the Salvation Army will know that the real object of our colony is not to cultivate the ground. This is only one of the means, for the actual aim is the moral and social elevation of the men who are living on the Colony.

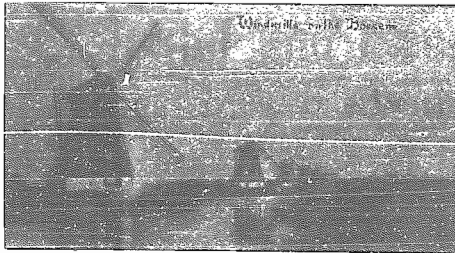
What kind of men are they? Where do they come from? In the first place, they are men who come to the Shelters of the Salvation Army, i.e., men without a home, who have been taken in these institutions, and while there have proved that they gladly accept the chance offered to them to again work themselves up to a better position in the world.

After having stayed for a few months in the Shelter, they have been transferred to the Land Colony, where, by energetic labor in the fresh air, away from the temptation and demoralizing influences of the cities, they have a good chance of regaining a respectable place among other citizens.

And do we really gain the object which we have in view? In answer to this question we cannot do better than give a few illustrations



TYPES AND COSTUMES
OF THE
VARIOUS PROVINCES OF THE
NETHERLANDS.



of men who, during the past year, have been on the Land Colony.

V— was forty-eight years of age. At the age of fourteen he became an orphan, and then started on the downward track. Sometimes he used to work, but at other times he used to roam about. He soon became a victim of drink, and at last was a hopeless vagabond, for whom few had any hope of reclamation.

In this condition he came to our Shelter at The Hague, was taken in, and after some time (December of last year) was transferred to the Land Colony. Once after his transfer to the Colony he, fell into his old sin, went to Barneveld, and returned from there drunk. But the same Sunday night he came to the meeting, which the Governor of the Colony was holding, with the Colonists, and in that meeting God spoke to his heart. V— surrendered himself, and came with his load of sin to the Saviour who freely pardons.

Since that time he has shown that a complete change in his nature has taken place. He is industrious, happy, contented, grateful, and an example to the other men.

S— is a Jew, twenty-nine years of age. He came, two years ago, from one of our Shelters to the Farm. He was a baker by trade, but had sunk very low through drink and other sins. Upon his arrival at the Colony he, however, did his very best at his work, and also gave himself to God.

In January last a situation was found him in Amsterdam. Afterwards he left for London, to be able to work at his own trade. A little time ago he wrote to the Governor of the Colony, expressing his gratefulness for the time spent at the Colony, which had not only been the means of bringing him back to a good position, but also of getting to know Christ as his Saviour.

Very often we receive letters from parents, who asked us to give their son a place on our Colony, as they do not know what to do with them. This was the case with a certain N—, who left his home at the age of seventeen, and was roaming about in Brussels, at which place he was, however, in danger of being arrested, seeing he continually appropriated things not belonging to him.

At his father's special request our officers visited him, and we gave him some work at our Farm Colony, together with the other Colonists. There he remained for a year, during which time he got saved, and returned to his father, who was most thankful for the alteration in his son, and a short time ago sent us a donation for our Farm Colony.

A similar case was that of a young fellow of eighteen years of age, the son of a notary.

During the time that he worked at his father's office he was dishonest on several occasions. The father asked us to take him at the Farm Colony. During the fourteen months he spent there he did well, and afterwards returned to his father, who again took him on at his office. The father says he has now no reason for complaint.

It is a fact that the Salvation Army believes even for the worst. It often happens that we get people upon whom every possible effort for improvement has been made, and, after all these failures, people generally bring them to us, so that the Salvation Army may have a turn!

This is the way in which the local authorities of a certain place acted with regard to a man who had been a dreadful drunkard. He was a groom, fifty-two years of age. His wife had drunk herself to death.

After several schemes had been tried to improve the man, they sent him to the Farm Colony of the Salvation Army as a last chance.

B— has been with us for eleven months, and has not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since his arrival. But he is not yet converted, and, therefore, does not possess the Power which alone can keep him from falling.

Still, it is remarkable that the surrounding life, and especially the spirit which exists on the Farm Colony, should have such an influence upon him, who for so many years was a slave of drink.

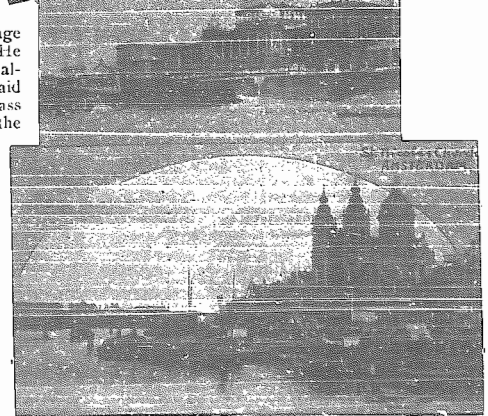
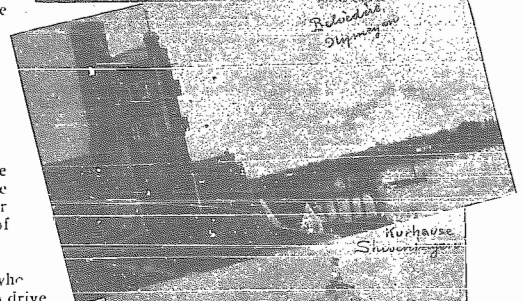
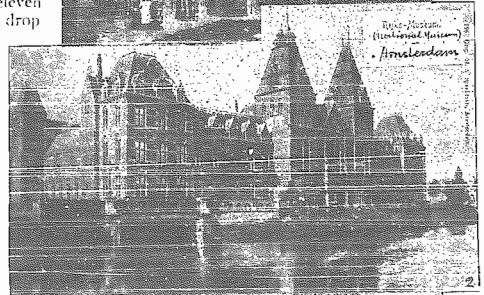
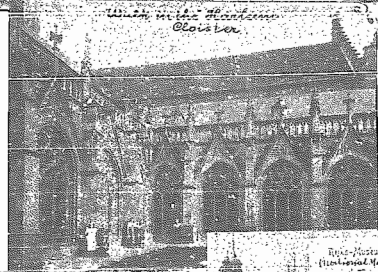
It may, perhaps, be thought that while there he has had no opportunity of getting drunk. This is, however, not so. On Sundays he has been quite free, like the other Colonists, to go wherever he liked, and has had ample opportunity of going to the public-house at the neighboring village had he so wished. This is another proof that he is desirous of helping himself.

One of our Colonists, who usually twice a week had to drive a cart to the nearest railway station, as he was accustomed to manage horses, left us four months ago. He was a fit person for this work, although the Governor was a little afraid of giving him the job, as he had to pass two public houses on his way to the station.

The Governor, therefore, first went and saw the two publicans, asking them not to hand over any drink to B— should he happen to enter the establishment. They were very kind, and promised to see that B—, when passing, should not enter their publichouses to get drink. This, however, proved unnecessary so far as B— was concerned. For four months he went to and fro with his cart, but never made any attempt to enter any public-house.

B— is very grateful for the Farm Colony. He says, "If I had only known what it was like I would have come before."

We have on the Farm from twenty to thirty Colonists. From time to time some of them get work as laborers at the farms in the neighborhood. During the summer some of them are taken on by the Steam Tram Company, who were making preparations for a service of trams



from E— to N—, and which would pass the village nearest to the Farm. One should have seen these men when they first arrived at the Farm Colony, poor human wretches on the sea of life, without hope for the future, and yet, after having passed a few months on the Colony, you would have hardly recognized them, so much had their stay improved them—physically and mentally.

Remarkable Incidents

in the Life of a Staff Officer.

It does not matter who I am; nor does it matter much to which Territory I belong. Many things might be published to the glory of God that remains unrecorded simply because the telling of these would lead the eyes of the public to certain people, or certain places, and harm might be done by the indiscriminate display of private matters. This is why I write anonymously, and purposely hide my whereabouts. With this introduction and

BOW TO CANADIAN WAR CRY READERS

I shall proceed to tell them of remarkable incidents and answers to prayer; of how I have been "led of the Spirit" in different circumstances, and, greatest of all, how God has fulfilled His promise by granting unto me the mind of Jesus Christ, and made me a successful soul-winner—not only a fisher of men, but a fisher of fishermen and fisherwomen. Praise the Lord!

A £25 CHEQUE.

Since money matters come first in the calculations of many, I may relate how God helped me out of a great difficulty by sending me a cheque for twenty-five pounds, neither a day too soon nor a day too late, upon a certain occasion a few years ago.

I happened to be indebted for printing—some special "goes" I had planned to pay off the amount not having turned out as well as I expected. Where the money was to come from I did not know, nor could I imagine. The printer wrote to say he particularly required it on a certain Monday, and his dunning letter reached me three days before that date. Where was I to get the money from? that was the question. I had not as many shillings, neither did I know anyone who had that was willing to give. But the very next day the English mail came in bringing a letter from—of all people—a Baptist minister, when sent along a cheque for £25, being led, he said, by God to do so. I had met this minister only twice previously to this. I had not asked him for a donation, nor did I know that he was in a position to assist me. The cheque came neither a day too late nor a day too soon, and it enabled me to pay up like a man.

A MORE REMARKABLE MONEY MATTER.

The Lord helped me on a still larger scale on another occasion.

I had received orders by cablegram telling me to undertake a journey of several thousand miles without delay. It involved the expenditure of about £50. Where was the money to come from? I had not as many shillings, nor did I know where to get a quarter of the amount. But the Lord knew. Just when I was making up my mind that it was impossible for me to go, I was reminded that nothing was impossible with God, for He sent along a Christian brother who had just come into a present of £100, and who insisted upon my taking the half of it from him, so that I might go. Thus was my way opened, and the One who opened it also went with me, and made my mission a success.—D. C.

EASTER EGGS.

We know not what we shall be, but are sure The spark once kindled by the eternal breath, Goes not quite out, but somewhere doth endure In that strange life we blindly christen death. Somewhere he is, though where we cannot tell; But wheresoe'er God hides him, it is well.
—Sir Lewis Morris.

Of a future life I do not doubt. The present is too sad and incomplete to answer to our higher selves. It is evidently, then, a struggle only in vain, if it is to end here. Ultimate perfection I believe in.—Prince Bismarck.

It is hard to live calmly and walk steadily and correctly in the midst of distractions that try fibre and spirit; but men charged with large duties and much responsibility must learn to do it. Bethlehem was peace, but the Babe became the Teacher was "a Man of Sorrows."

Bible Lessons from Jamaica.

JEREMIAH'S TEARS.

Who weep as Jeremiah are not often understood. Probably because we do not weep as often as we should. If you learn this Bible lesson, God may speak to even you—Like the prophet, Jeremiah, you may weep for others, too.

Men are more concerned at trifles than they are at serious things; They will often chase a shadow for "the fun," they say, it brings. Let a parrot "kick the bucket," let a dog be burnt to death, How they will repeat the story, telling it with bated breath; Let a man or two be "drowned," or a train run over one, What a lot is said about it at the inquest—how 'twas done; Let the small-pox, or bad fever, break out in a neighboring town, What excitement will possess folks as they pass the news around; Let a fire burn down a dwelling, if the engine's of no use How the fire brigade is rated with a deal of strong abuse; When the bodies of some people suffer from the lack of food, How they open up subscriptions, as, of course, they really should; And they have their Leagues of Kindness for the animals as well, While they smoke, and drink, and gamble fellow-creatures down to hell.

Yes, when souls are drifting hell-wards, unconcerned, they seem to think God's predictions are not real, so they sport upon the brink Of the burning lake they sneer at, though they condescend to say They believe the Bible story in a sort of modern way; But their actions, speaking louder, contradict their parrot-creed, And they neither know their danger, nor the greatness of their need. They have eyes, but yet they see not, they have ears that cannot hear, So, in some mysterious manner, they nor understand nor fear—Yet God's Spirit strives to reach them, knocking at their hard heart's door, 'Till the ticking of His time-piece seems to answer, "Nevermore!"

Jeremiah was a stripling, slow of speech, until he craved Power to utter words of warning, so that others might be saved. "Fear not faces," said Jehovah, "I will send thee to destroy And to root out evil-doers—though I know you're but a boy— And to build, and plant, and water vineyards that shall fruitful be; Those who will not hear shall listen, and the blindest ones shall see."

So we find the Jeremiah fawned not on the rich and great, But, unlike some modern prophets, went for Ministers of State! Told the rich their sins, unnumbered of the worse they'd do or say— Said he, "If you fear my preaching, what about the Judgment Day?— If the horses, running, tire you, with your prejudice and pride, What about the River Jordan, and its ever-swelling tide?" So he gave offence to many when denouncing sin as sin, And, of all his friends, not any could see eye to eye with him. As for ministerial brethren—those who held that office high— Well, he told the truth about them, making many sit and sigh. Said he, "You're backslidden also, preaching peace when there is none; Saying that the battle's over, when the fight has scarce begun; Saying that the Lord has sent you, when as hirelings you are paid, And the slightest real cross-bearing makes your coward-hearts afraid; Stealing words from one another, dealing falsely with the truth; And, alas! your people love it—love to have it so, forsooth! Horrible will be the outcome, broken cisterns you have hewn, That will hold no Living Water, since your lives are out of tune!"

Jesus wept! But Jeremiah wept before the Saviour came; Both were weeping thus for others, so their grief was much the same. Once, when some were weeping for Him, Jesus said, "Weep not for Me— For yourselves, and for your children, let the lamentation be." Jeremiah wept for sinners when he saw the lives they led; So did Jesus, pleading for them, as upon the cross He bled. Jeremiah wept for others when he saw their danger great, And he pictured them as being shut outside the pearly gate. "Were," he said, "mine eyes like waters, I could let them overflow Through mine eyes as any fountain on account of coming woe! Oh, my bones and limbs feel broken, and I upon my soul is laid All the burden that should surely make your stubborn hearts afraid!"

Those who heard God's Jeremiah, cursed the message and the man, Saying, "We will stop his preaching altogether if we can!" So they had him bound and lowered in a dungeon, dark and deep, Saying, "This will suit your mourning—you'll have time to sigh and weep." Down into the fire they lowered him who spoke unpleasant truth— But their consciences still worried, for they feared him still, forsooth! So they sent an Ethiopian to release the one who said That until they all repented his tears would be always shed.

He predicted—you may read it—that the Lord would "fishers" send, And some "hunters" that would hunt them, ere the overwhelming end; Some think that our dear old Army are the people God has raised To fulfil this great prediction; if so, let His name be praised!

—W. Raglan Phillips, Adj.

The Risen Christ's First Messenger.

BY MRS. COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

THE story of that Morning of mornings is so exquisitely natural, that one realizes it is told exactly as it happened.

That the men should stay at home and be quiet and heavy in their sorrow, while women found comfort in rising very early to go to their dead Beloved, strikes us as the fac-simile of what is always happening around us. Just in this diverse way do men and women to-day show their sorrow. The faithful sisters stole out in the dim twilight, as women are ever wont to creep to the side of their dead, and crush their own hearts with the mingled sweetness and pain of once more looking on them.

For these ministering women, however, there was to be a rude shock, which should rack them with new agony. They had pictured to themselves the sacred privilege of laying that Holy Form more suitably in the rest of the grave. Already they had endured unspeakable anguish because they had been helpless to soothe or comfort Him at Calvary; but He should lie in the midst of royal perfumes.

The desecrated grave—as it appeared to them—hurt them with cruel keenness, even when they had thought no further power to suffer remained in their breaking hearts. The Magdalen flew to Peter and John with an involuntary appeal to their superior strength. They must be fetched to the spot at once, for perhaps they could do something. Thus the men were roused to go and look, and they even went into the grave, and made a minute examination; but if they said anything helpful or suggestive, it is not recorded. It was probably in puzzled silence that they "went away again unto their own home."

But the Magdalen stayed behind. No "home," if indeed she had much of a "home," could attract her just then. The last bitter drop had been poured into her cup—"They have taken away my Lord!" She stood weeping tears so hopelessly sad, and was in such utter agony and darkness, that Heaven granted her a glimpse of the angels who were guarding the sacred spot. But it does not seem as if they aroused her from her grief. She simply answered them with her distracted plaint, "I know not where they have laid Him"; and all the Heavenly Host would have been as nothing to her, for He was absent.

And then He came to her—to her first. He came quickly and tenderly, for He knew that her reeling brain and agonized soul could bear no more. And He, who understood her perfectly, saved her once again by giving her a message.

What is the wonderful secret behind this "first unto Mary Magdalene"? Why did she behold Him sooner than even the beloved disciple, or the future "rock" of the church? There must have been several reasons; the first, perhaps, being that she *loved Him most*. The Magdalen's life had been a terrible one, even though she may not have been conspicuous among the class of sinners commonly understood by her name. Every kind of wild excess may well have been caused by her being so altogether possessed by devils.

And when He delivered her from this Satanic rule, who can say with what racked nerves, blighted prospects, and terrible friendlessness she began life again? Such early sowings to the devil bring cruel harvests, which no repentance can avert. Yet He saved her; and nursed her restless, stormy soul under the wings of His great peace, had stood by her when men and women doubted and slighted her, and had never forsaken her, till His eyes closed on Calvary.

And now she has been tested to her utmost, and it is time that she behold the light of Easter. Mary, the mother of Jesus, in her triumphant faith and oneness with her Son, is lifted high above danger; the disciples are "mourning" indeed, but in the safety of their own homes; but the Magdalen is out in the cold.

For her no one else may think or care; and it may be that already those seven devils again hover over her. We think we see the Lord's risen feet quicken their pace at the very thought.

There was another reason, and one that, perhaps, the disciples would have been slow to admit. Her great love made her more able to recognize the risen Lord. The very fact of her engrossment in Him, and her desperate sorrow, prepared her to receive a vision as startling as it was joyful. Christ walked a long way towards Emmaus with the two disciples, and even sat at meat with them, before they knew Him. To the assembled group that evening He had to show His hands and His side ere they were rejoiced. Mary was only momentarily confused before she exclaimed, "Rabboni!" in absolute certainty.

Mary was Christ's deliberate choice, too, as the first messenger and witness of the resurrection. It was not merely that she saw Him earliest, and was, therefore, sent by Him as a matter of convenience. There is every mark of design about the arrangement. Did He not remember how, in that day, women were despised, and so chose to give this greatest honor to a woman? And in selecting this doubtful "character" (as no doubt the world called her), did He not show us the attitude which His Heavenly wisdom

would have us take up towards the degraded among women?

Lift them up and reform them? Yes, of course; for all the disciples would agree to that. But none might of their own free choice have used them as public witnesses of His power. Ordained directly, as was the Magdalen, by Christ Himself, to be the special witness of His risen might, there should surely be some kind of a "succession" to follow her. Did He not mean that there should be?

Was not that special manifestation of love by His own graveside intended to be our guide when we deal with such sinners? Seven devils, who have degraded a woman to the lowest, can be cast out by Christ's love, and leave a soul so humbled, and yet up-lifted, as to be far above the ordinary level. Oh, can we not remember this more clearly when we look upon our poor sisters—the drink-slaves, the impure, the dishonest, and the horribly corrupt—in our streets? Alas! that the devil of discouragement and unbelief shuts us so often away from them. Cannot we follow more fully our risen Lord, and in His power make saints and preachers of our fallen sisters?

Comrades, let us learn His way with them. He loved the Magdalen, and He saved her; but He did not hold her up to be patronized, or treated as specially feeble and useless because she had once obeyed the devil. He simply turned all her native force against her former cruel master. She had a soul worth "possessing"! She was full of energies and gifts, of passionate capacities for good as well as of evil; and He caught them up, and used them.

Have we always faith enough to believe that He can still do this? That out of the worst of women Christ is willing and desirous, not merely to make a kind of floating wreck, just able somehow to win a safe harbor at last; but a gloriously transformed and uplifted being, as strong on the right side, as she was once on the wrong?

Some of us defeat Christ's purpose because we have not faith enough to go to work at all for such poor women, no "gift in that direction," as we put it. Others of us, having made a few successful efforts to rescue them from open sin, do not realize how far the Saviour wishes us to lead them on. And yet He tried so hard to show us His will when He came straight back from the grave to comfort this poor Magdalen, and then to fill her with the joy of telling others glad tidings.

Perhaps someone will look upon our picture, and catch the thoughts of Christ as He hurries to poor Mary, and will kneel and offer herself as His revealer to the sorrowful, crushed sister—hearted around us. For He, who no longer walks our earth visibly, can be only seen by the Magdalens through us.

And, oh, how blessed if some despairing woman's heart may wake up to the joyful hope that she may yet become a messenger of salvation to those she has, perhaps, helped to degrade. Let us speed on their way her successors, for the poor world is dying to hear from someone who has "seen the Lord."



"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?"

O hearts of men on whom this day
No light of better things hath shed;
From sin's black tomb turn swift away—
"Seek not the living among the dead!"

O hearts of men whose hopes lie here,
And o'er whose loss your hearts have
bled,
"Tis life the Saviour brings you here—
"Seek not the living among the dead!"

O hearts of men, why seek in vain
The joys which with the past have fled?
List to the angel's voice again—
"Seek not the living among the dead!"

O hearts of men, to Him give heed
Who lives although for you He bled!
His life accept—"tis life indeed—
"Seek not the living among the dead!"
William B. Barton.

"In Rags" in the Royal City.

The Commissioner's Visit to Guelph is Enthusiastically Appreciated by the People.

BY STAFF-CAPT. PAGE.

66 **S** O our turn's come at last!" The good man's voice was a strange mingle of joy and reproval. He went on to tell us how long it was since the Commissioner had been to Guelph, and how much Guelph had loved her and wanted her, and we had to go into a long, and we hope conclusive, dissertation why the Commissioner had not been able to come for so long, and all honor to the good man, when he heard of the many calls, and many cares, and many duties which crowd into every day of the Commissioner's life, the reproach all died out of his face, and there was only gratitude left as he ejaculated:

"Well then, all I can say is it's just good of her to spare us this visit, and we're the folks to appreciate it!"

We had not been five minutes in Guelph before we realized what a great event was the Commissioner's visit. The sight of our uniform on the street was the signal for a storm of questioning as to the Commissioner's whereabouts, while the quarters was laid constant siege to by the stream of ticket-seekers.

Outside the doors of the Chalmers' Presbyterian Church an eager crowd elbowed each other on the muddy sidewalk to get first place on the steps. The edifice is a spacious building elegantly fitted up. Ablaze with electric light and adorned by a huge audience, the building looked at its best, and when the Commissioner entered, clad in the famous attire of tatters, a burst of spontaneous applause made the cheerful interior to further glow. Then an opening song, a heart-felt prayer from the pastor, the Rev. G. Glassford, a vocal selection by the Red Knights, whose red uniform decorated the choir stalls, and the Commissioner is on her feet.

Attempting to portray the next hour we are confronted with two difficulties. The fascination of those stories, the pathos of those appeals, the irresistible force of those arguments paralyze our description. Turning from the

speaker to the listener we are as much at a loss. It was one of those breathless, intelligent comingling of smiles and tears which no reporter can ever retail. That was a libellous whisper which designated Guelph stiff. Anyway, the most fashionable, prejudiced, and elite so unbent during the Commissioner's address that they could never have been recognized by such a title. The emotion was very marked, although we noticed one or two gentlemen making rather unsatisfactory attempts to simulate a severe cold in the head. Perhaps they had not expected the direct personal appeals with which the Commissioner followed up her enchanting narrations, and a good number looked at the close as if, amid the interest and entertainment of the lecture, they had received more than one sword-thrust in the region of their own conscience.

Church members, Army soldiers, and those outside either fold pressed eagerly to the front if possible to express the inspiration they had received. We had to rescue the Commissioner at last from the abundance of appreciation which, full-hearted as it was, could not be curtailed without difficulty. The Commissioner's own people came in for a lion's share of the attention. Now she was congratulating a veteran of a score years' fight; now encouraging a convert of but a few weeks; now giving tender counsel to a broken-hearted ex-officer, and now winning the heart of a Corps-Cadet by a thoughtful greeting. Those interviews in the ante-chamber were a touching close to a remarkable meeting.

Next morning, at the railway station, a large crowd of Salvationists and friends bid farewell to the Commissioner as she set out again for the Central War Office. Amid the uniform facial glow we noticed Adj. McHarg's grateful delight, Brigadier McMillan's rotundity of joy, while Major Rawling's jubilant expression further proclaimed a fact which he had already communicated to us in a stage whisper that the finances put every expectation out of sight.

words, created another Staff-Captain, and Adj. Perry was no more.

The few minutes that followed are better imagined than described, but at a given signal we knelt and prayed again together, renewing old vows and making new ones, and finally separated after a most enjoyable and profitable time.

The T. H. Staff and Cadets are all looking forward to an early return visit from their beloved Commissioner.—Mrs. Major Stanyon.

Miss Booth at Ottawa.

The Imperial City's Splendid Turn-Out.

Commissioner's Ottawa campaign eclipsed all previous visits. Saturday night's soldiers' meeting was a melting time. The two meetings in the Russell Theatre on Sunday were attended by Ministers of Cabinet with their families, Members of Parliament, and many of the elite of Ottawa. Commissioner, though physically weak, delivered powerful addresses, which were pointed, eloquent, and convincing. Colonel Pugmire and Red Knights rendered excellent service. Thirty-seven souls came to the mercy seat for cleansing and salvation. Altogether I feel incapable of describing the matchless character of this glorious campaign.—BRIGADIER TURNER.

Japan.

A Sergeant in one of our Tokyo corps, Japan, says he once used to boast of being a Japanese, but since his eyes have been opened to see the need of salvation, he is more proud of being a soldier of Jesus Christ.

The Soul's Awakening.

(To our frontispiece.)

A THRILL of gladness vibrates through creation at springtide. Forces asleep all winter, under the spell of cold, awake to new life. There is a stirring in the ground and the tree branches. Early spring flowers push their glad heads through the sun-kissed soil; buds swell and burst on a thousand branches, and a multitude of birds warble, flit about, and busy themselves building nests. Life seems to rise anew in myriads of ways all about us. Hence Easter, the commemoration of our Lord's resurrection, is fittingly celebrated at a time when all nature teaches us the lesson of awakening life.

So the artist of our frontispiece has been endeavoring to depict the awakening of the soul. We behold a young girl; health, beauty, possessions, are hers. Her time has been devoted to selfish enjoyment and attention to the things of the day. But the Divine spark which sets in motion the forces imprisoned in the mustard seed, and makes it send down rootlets and shoot up leaflets, is also at work in the embodiment soul. The indefinable longing of the spirit for liberty from the bonds of self, its rebellion against the fetters of the world, impels the otherwise light-hearted girl to seek for an explanation of the mysterious unrest. And her search discovers guilt, guilt implies sin, the sense of sin brings conviction; repentance follows, and the search in the Word of God reveals the way of salvation.

"The entrance of Thy word giveth light."

The soul has awakened, faith takes root, and with a look of ecstasy the new convert raises her eyes to the blue sky in recognition and speechless gratitude of such wondrous salvation.

What pen can describe the dawning of the soul's Easter morning, the finding of her Lord, the perception of a new creation, the influx of new energies, new powers, the coming in of Love as Master? Oh, that we might be kept with that tender, spiritual perception and sensitive conscience which is the invaluable gift to the new convert.

Great Britain.

The General safely reached London on Saturday afternoon, March 14th. Since his arrival he has received letters of welcome from all parts of the country.

Regarding his American tour, the General states:

"The fact that I have traveled, during the twenty weeks I have been in the country, some 16,000 miles, visited fifty-two cities, held 200 meetings, addressed 300,000 people, and seen over 2,500 individuals at the mercy seat, would, without doubt, lead to the conviction that opinions of some kind must have been created."

The next Training Sessions in England, at both the International and Woman's Social Homes, will commence on May 19th. It is expected that several officers' children will then enter the "School of the Prophets." Colonel Stitt, Brigadier Asbury, and Staff-Capt. Body each have a son who is already accepted for officership.

Germany.

In Halle, a German University City, the Army has had a stiff fight for years, but several students have since got converted, and have taken a bold stand for Jesus Christ.

Commissioner and Mrs. Oliphant have conducted a very successful tour through the Central and South Divisions in Germany.

Denmark.

Colonel Richards' during nine days' tour in Denmark, saw nineteen souls seeking salvation and twenty holiness. He has never known the country in such a hopeful state for soul-saving as at present.

The Commissioner

WITH THE CADETS.

THE Commissioner's visits to the T. H. are always eagerly looked-for events and among the most precious and treasured memories of every Cadet, and the last occasion was by no means an exception.

The skilful tact and well-known kindness of our leader soon banished any signs of trepidation or shyness, with the result that we had one of the happiest and most blessed evenings of our T. H. experience. Bonds were strengthened during that meeting, holding us surer to the cross and the flag, and when we separated we knew that we loved God better, and one another better, and the service better, to which we had given our lives and our all.

The Chief Secretary, who is also a welcome visitor, gave us a real heart-talk, which was deeply appreciated.

Other pleasing features of the meeting were the promotions of Adjutants Scarr and Perry. The unique and incomparable way in which these two veterans were called to take "one pace to the front" will not soon be forgotten by those present.

Adj. Scarr was the first upon whom the new honor fell, and while the girls were expressing their appreciation and delight, the lads' faces were indeed a picture. They tried to appear perfectly satisfied, but their attempts were altogether unavailing, it was so easy to read their anxiety as to whether or not another star would fall upon their side of the house. However, this high tension was soon relieved when, at the close of the neat little speech made by their Adjutant, the Commissioner, in a few choice

Easter Anthems.

Song of Supplication.

Concerning the following heart-melting hymn. Dr. Cuyler has written, "It is the most precious contribution which American genius has yet made to the hymnology of the Christian Church." This hymn was written in 1830 by Dr. Ray Palmer, who said that the verses were born of his own soul. They were written rapidly, with his eyes swimming with tears, and they were not to be seen by another human eye. They were, therefore, buried in his pocket-book for two years. Then when asked to supply a hymn for a new collection about to be published, Dr. Palmer drew from his pocket the lines, "My faith looks up to Thee!" The compiler of the book at once recognized the great worth of the hymn, and assured the author that, "You may live many years and do many good things, but you will be best known to posterity as the author of this hymn."

Tune.—Harlan (B.J. 203).

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine.
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's passing dream—
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

The Lamb of Calvary.

BY C. SAWYER.

Tunes.—Stella (N.B.B. 120); Sovereignty (N.B.B. 119); Madrid (N.B.B. 117).

2 O Bleeding Lamb of Calvary!
And can it be Thy blood was spilt
To set this guilty sinner free,
And cleanse my soul from all its guilt?
Forgive me, Father! Hear my cry,
Nor let this guilty sinner die.

Was it for me, for me He died,
And shall I still reject the plea?
Mercy refuse with foolish pride,
The while His heart still yearns for me?
Shall I my cup of guilt thus fill,
While Jesus pleads and loves me still?

Nay, list, my soul—His dying cry,
See, see! the blood flow from His side!
Plunge deeply in, all hell defy,
There's life for thee beneath that tide.
I plunge within, I'm cleansed, I'm free,
Praise God! I've perfect liberty!

A Wonderful Redeemer.

BRO. INBOTSOM, TEMPLE CORPS.

Tunes.—I will follow Thee, my Saviour (N.B.B. 144); Let me love Thee, Saviour.

3 What a wonderful Redeemer
Is my Lord and Christ to me,
Gives me joy and peace unfailing,
Fills my heart with purity.

How I love to tell the story
Of the Saviour's love so sweet;
How it satisfies my longing,
How I love His face to greet.

Chorus.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour.

Oft I hear His voice so tender,
 Oft He speaks in love to me,
 Words of comfort, words of counsel,
 Blessed truth and liberty.
 He will keep me ever faithful,
 Lead me by His hand each day,
 Keep me ever true to duty,
 Help me always on my way.

Oft I heard His voice so tender,
 When I wandered far away.
 Oft He spoke; I would not answer;
 "Come to Me," His voice did say.
 But at last He drew me to Him,
 Merciful, and true, and kind,
 And I found Him still the Saviour,
 And my burden left behind.

Calvary's Crimson Sea.

BY ENSIGN WHITEKER, T.H.Q.

Tune.—She's the sunshine of Paradise Alley.

4 There's a song I would sing,
Making all the earth ring,
Over hill, and through dale, and on mountain;
'Tis the sweetest I've heard,
It is true every word,
'Tis about a most wonderful fountain.
None can measure its depth,
None can fathom its breadth,
Yet to all men its power may be given,
All who plunge 'neath its flow
Are made whiter than snow,
And prepared for a mansion in heaven.

Chorus.

Precious fountain, Calvary's crimson sea,
Purchased by the Saviour there for you and me;
'Neath its waves there's cleansing and liberty.
Oh, what a wonderful life-giving fountain!

Here's a man full of sin,
Vile and unclean within,
In the gutter we often have found him,
To this fountain he came,
With his sin and his shame,
And was freed from the chains that had bound him.

Living now as he should—
Honest, upright, and good—
From the mire raised as high as a mountain,
And his home is a heaven,
Now sin's fetters are riven,
Through this wonderful sin-cleansing fountain.

Oh, the waters are free
In this deep crimson sea,
'Neath its waves priceless treasures are hidden.
Will you plunge in to-day,
Have your sins washed away?
To this fountain you long have been bidden.
Prove its wonderful power,
Saving, cleansing this hour,
Washing, too, stains of all condemnation,
And preserving your soul,
Till you answer the roll
At the gathering in of all nations.

Seek the Saviour.

BY BRIGADIER COLLIER, T.H.Q.

Tune.—Scatter seeds of kindness.

5 Jesus came on earth to suffer,
Left His glorious home on high,
Born so lowly in a manger,
Where the sheep and oxen lie.
It was not to seek the righteous,
But for sinners, Jesus came;
Lived to cheer and help the fallen,
Died to save them from their shame.

Then, sinner, seek the Saviour,
Then, sinner, seek the Saviour,
Then, sinner, seek the Saviour,
Who died upon the cross.

Hear Him groaning in the Garden,
Bloody sweat upon His brow,
"Let this cup pass from me, Father,
Yet unto 'Thy will' I bow."
Now upon the cross He's hanging,
Crying while they pierce Him through:
"Pardon, Father, those who slay Me,
For they know not what they do."
Think of what He suffered for you,
Gave His life that you might live;
Though from Him for years you've wandered,
Yet He will your sins forgive.
He will make you a new creature,
Take away all self and pride,
Fill your soul with love so precious,
On this blessed Eastertide.

The Precious Blood.

BY "NED," BEAR RIVER.

Tune.—I'm glad salvation's free.

6 The precious blood doth flow,
To cleanse from every sin;
Christ died because He loved us so;
Let, then, His love now win.

There's mercy with the Lord,
There's mercy with the Lord,
He pleading stands with outstretched hands,
There's mercy with the Lord.

For you, in faith, we pray;
Our Lord hath need of thee;
Oh, hasten to His arms to-day,
And be from sin set free.

Our Lord doth deign to bless
The earnest, seeking soul,
And by His blood and righteousness
He maketh sinners whole.

Repent before too late,
For time is hastening by,
And sad indeed will be your fate
If not prepared to die.

Cast all thy fear away,
Live but to serve Thy God,
Ask Him for grace without delay,
To travel Zion's road.

Boundless Salvation.

BY THE GENERAL.

Tune.—My Jesus, I love Thee (N.B.B. 185).

7 O boundless salvation, deep ocean of love,
O fullness of mercy Christ brought from above,
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—come, roll over me!

The heavenly gales are blowing,
The cleansing sea is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going;
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

My sins are so many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping, thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me—come, roll over me!

O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the banks of thy wonderful, life-giving flood,
Once more I have reached the soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing; I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of the "Mighty to Save";
My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me.

And now, hallelujah! the rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His praise,
Who opened His bosom to pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for me.

Boundless

Salvation.



Words by Major Roberts.

Music by A. Mannering.

mf Allegro moderato.
 Key G. 2/4

1. A bound-less sal-va-tion Christ died to re-cure, A bound-less sal-va-tion He
 rose to make sure, A bound-less sal-va-tion He now lives to give, To all who re-solve for His

f CHORUS. Allegro.

glo-ry to live. Sal-va-tion, sal-va-tion, it's bound-less and free, A
 bound-less sal-va-tion, it's flow-ing for thee; Re-nounce now your i-dol, sin-
 -ner, de-lye, And bound-less sal-va-tion you now shall re-cieve.

A boundless salvation we wish to proclaim,	A boundless salvation! oh, praise God for this!
A boundless salvation, in Jesus' blest name,	A boundless salvation! it fills us with bliss;
A boundless salvation we offer to-day	A boundless salvation can be obtained here,
To all who are willing the full price to pay.	And perfect deliv'rance from sin, doubt and fear.

Take boundless salvation, if you are forgiven,
 Take boundless salvation—a foretaste of heaven;
 This boundless salvation then spread far and wide,
 And live for the glory of Christ crucified.